

13.
the starlet

the illicit was implicit. she munched cheese on the sofa. the cameras rolled. the director was straining after a certain inexpressible something. he reached into the vaulted skies for higher forms. a hobo wind blew old papers down the alley. the stairs creaked while ambition failed.

in the blue boudoir, in her black silk kimono, they frolicked on the sheets. "touch me anywhere," she commanded, "except behind the knees ... that is my weak spot." he touched her behind the knees. she

opened to his cock. sunday brought news-papers, yellow light, strange fury at the zoo.

14.
trepidations of mortality

they double dated with his best friend: he feared she was falling for the guy.

on the 19th hole of miniature golf nausea overcame him. for the first time in his entire life he was not having a very good time. he was unable to determine whether it was a classic case

of existential terror, a bad hamburger, or merely a touch of the flu. he gagged in the back seat of the car. the night flip-flopped. walking the beach hand in hand, a terrible fear possessed him ... her touch repulsed him.

he fucked her that night with special hate.